

The Primitive Republican.

E. G. BALDWIN,

"Error may be safely tolerated, when Truth is left free to combat it."—JEFFERSON.

Editor & Proprietor.

OLD SERIES, VOL. IX NO. 26.

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1851.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2 NO. 9.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Published every Thursday Morning.
Office on the South East corner of Main and St. John Streets, near the Grocery Store of Thomas H. Williams.

TERMS:
Three Dollars a year, in advance, excepting Town subscribers, who will be charged \$2.50 when payment is delayed six months, and \$1.00 if not paid until the end of the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Dollar a square for four insertions; and 50 Cts. for each additional insertion. Ten lines or less constitute a square.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS A Year \$10.00.
For less than \$1.25 per annum.

Obituary Notices exceeding 15 lines charged at the discretion of the Publisher.

Advertisements for the year contracted for at a liberal discount.

All communications addressed to the Editor must be post paid, in order to insure attention.

JOB PRINTING
Of all kinds neatly and promptly executed.

Blankes
For Sheriffs, Magistrates, Constables, Clerks &c. furnished at a moderate price, from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per copy according to quality.

The Story of a Picture.

Amidst the noble collection of paintings which adorn the walls of the Louvre, there is one which may perchance have arrested the eye of some amongst our readers, lying, as it does, in warmth of coloring and vigor of expression, with some of the best paintings of the Dutch and Flemish school.

It is named in the catalogue, "The Blacksmith and his Family," and his history is one so full of touching and domestic interest, that we feel it ought not to be unrecorded.

There lived in the seventeenth century, two brothers, both painters, and endowed with equal talent—a circumstance of rare occurrence in the history of art.

Born at Laon, towards the close of the sixteenth century, they were brought up together, and through life remained inseparable. They had but one workshop, one purse, one table; the same spirit seemed to animate them both in life, and in death they were not divided; for they closed their earthly career within two days of each other, in May, 1648.

Loving, as they did, nature under her simplest, and humanity in its most primitive and unsophisticated form, they passed much of their time in wandering among the cottages of the Cambrisis, sketching the peasant groups which they met upon the road, or found seated around the cottage hearth, as well as the hardy laborer guiding his oxen through the well-ploughed field, and the aged beggar who wandered, desolate and alone, from door to door.

The simple style was then but little appreciated in France, where the fine ladies of the Court disdained to be even the chief of school.

One young man, however, without any dissenting voice, agreed to make the sacrifice, and was consulting together on the steps which it would be necessary to take to accomplish this object, when Providence furnished them with most unexpected success.

A young girl of the neighborhood, named Louise Danche, who had long been betrothed to the young soldier, was present when the fatal letter arrived. She was at first overpowered with grief and astonishment; but in a few moments a sudden thought seemed to flash across her mind, and suddenly rising from her seat, she hastily left the house.

The spot toward which she directed her steps was the neighboring Chateau de Val, which had been lately purchased by a rich banker, to whom her brother acted in the capacity of game-keeper.

M. d'Amivon, who had once filled the situation of steward in the household of the Prince de Conti, now assumed all the airs of a grand seigneur, taking possession of his castle, and was especially desirous of passing himself off as an enlightened amateur of painting.

Louise, who had been asked by her brother, a few days before, to assist him in unpacking some pictures, had perceived in the corner of one amongst them the signature "Louis and Antoine Lenain," and had been struck by the resemblance borne by some figures in the group to those of the Herbelot family.

The young artists having always retained a place in the kindly remembrance of the good people of the village, Louise had frequently heard them spoken of, and when the well-known names met her eyes in the corner of the canvas, it at once occurred to her that this painting, which, from the care bestowed upon it, she concluded was greatly prized by its owner, must be the product of their pencils.

It was upon this thought she now acted. With breathless haste she hurried to the chateau and begged to be allowed to speak to M. d'Amivon. She was introduced into the very apartment in which hung the painting executed by the brothers Lenain.

"Sir," said the young girl, timidly, "forgive me if I am making too bold with you, but will you tell me whether that picture is worth a good deal?"

"Yes, indeed it is my good girl," replied M. d'Amivon, "but what makes you feel any interest in the subject?"

Louise hesitated for a moment, and then said: "Because I thought, sir, that if you set a great value by it, you might wish to buy another, painted by the same artist, and I have one in my village which I am quite sure is good, if not better than this."

"Indeed! are you sure of that? I am afraid you are no great connoisseur of painting. But where could I see this one you praise so much, and form my own judgment on the matter?"

thus cordially pressed upon them, but they would accept it only upon one condition.

"You must," said they, "allow us to employ this interval of time in painting a family group, which shall include each member of your domestic circle, from the eldest to the youngest. This painting, when completed, we will leave with you, as a slight memorial of our gratitude."

The blacksmith gladly accepted the offer, his wife colored with pleasure, and the children skipped about and clapped their hands for joy.

Next day the painters set to work. The forge was converted into an atelier, their easel was placed opposite the furnace, and the whole family were grouped around the anvil, the flame which burned on the hearth casting a ruddy glow over the scene.

Three weeks passed away the painting was completed, and a fourth son was born to the blacksmith. On the day which succeeded his birth, he was baptised by the name of Antoine, and on the same joyful occasion the picture of the family group was duly installed in the best parlor, and gayly decorated with flowers, to the great admiration of the guests who were invited to partake of the christening feast.

Gladly would these kind-hearted people have retained the young artist yet longer among them, but business called them away, and with grateful hearts they quitted the hospitable roof.

As they were bidding the good mother a hearty farewell, Antoine whispered in her ear: "Keep the painting we have given you, as a remembrance of our visit. It is now of but little worth, for our names are as yet unknown to France; but perhaps it may one day prove a good inheritance for our godson."

Twenty-five years had passed away, and Antoine Herbelot was a soldier in the king's service.

Some time had elapsed since any tidings of the young man had reached his family, and they were becoming very anxious to learn his fate, when his father one day received from him a letter, announcing that during a sea-expedition he had been carried away by Algerine pirates, and was now threatened with immediate death at the cannon's mouth, if six thousand francs were not quickly furnished at his ransom.

Six thousand francs! the sale of the paternal home itself would not realize the sum; the elder brother must also part with the little farm which he had acquired by his marriage.

The whole family, however, without any dissenting voice, agreed to make the sacrifice, and were consulting together on the steps which it would be necessary to take to accomplish this object, when Providence furnished them with most unexpected success.

A young girl of the neighborhood, named Louise Danche, who had long been betrothed to the young soldier, was present when the fatal letter arrived. She was at first overpowered with grief and astonishment; but in a few moments a sudden thought seemed to flash across her mind, and suddenly rising from her seat, she hastily left the house.

The spot toward which she directed her steps was the neighboring Chateau de Val, which had been lately purchased by a rich banker, to whom her brother acted in the capacity of game-keeper.

M. d'Amivon, who had once filled the situation of steward in the household of the Prince de Conti, now assumed all the airs of a grand seigneur, taking possession of his castle, and was especially desirous of passing himself off as an enlightened amateur of painting.

Louise, who had been asked by her brother, a few days before, to assist him in unpacking some pictures, had perceived in the corner of one amongst them the signature "Louis and Antoine Lenain," and had been struck by the resemblance borne by some figures in the group to those of the Herbelot family.

The young artists having always retained a place in the kindly remembrance of the good people of the village, Louise had frequently heard them spoken of, and when the well-known names met her eyes in the corner of the canvas, it at once occurred to her that this painting, which, from the care bestowed upon it, she concluded was greatly prized by its owner, must be the product of their pencils.

It was upon this thought she now acted. With breathless haste she hurried to the chateau and begged to be allowed to speak to M. d'Amivon. She was introduced into the very apartment in which hung the painting executed by the brothers Lenain.

"Sir," said the young girl, timidly, "forgive me if I am making too bold with you, but will you tell me whether that picture is worth a good deal?"

"Yes, indeed it is my good girl," replied M. d'Amivon, "but what makes you feel any interest in the subject?"

Louise hesitated for a moment, and then said: "Because I thought, sir, that if you set a great value by it, you might wish to buy another, painted by the same artist, and I have one in my village which I am quite sure is good, if not better than this."

"Indeed! are you sure of that? I am afraid you are no great connoisseur of painting. But where could I see this one you praise so much, and form my own judgment on the matter?"

"At M. Herbelot's, sir, if you please to come there to-morrow at noon."

"Very well, I shall be there to-morrow."

by 12 o'clock. You may tell him so, if you like."

Louise Danche made a low courtesy and retired, leaving M. d'Amivon equally surprised at her good manners, and the singularity of a painting by the brothers Lenain, being offered for sale at a blacksmith's shop.

Louise at first only confided her project to the mother of her betrothed, for she knew well that the good blacksmith valued his picture so much that he would rather sell his bed from under him than part with it. He was to go next day at noon, with his three sons, to the village notary, to arrange matters for the sale of his forge, as well as of the little farm belonging to his eldest son; Louise was therefore pretty sure that the coast would be clear at that hour, and that M. d'Amivon might examine the painting at his leisure.

Punctual to his appointed time, the banker duly arrived at the forge at 12 o'clock, and was ushered by M. Herbelot and Louise into the best parlor, where the portrait of the family group had now hung for five and twenty years.

At the first glance M. d'Amivon allowed that this was yet a finer painting than the one he possessed.

"But how, in the name of wonder," he exclaimed, "did you happen to acquire such a treasure?"

M. Herbelot, in a simple and touching manner, related the history of the young artists' stay amongst them, of their gratitude for the kindness they had received, the birth of the little Antoine, and the family portrait which his godfather had left him as a parting gift, and then with tears she told how this beloved child was in the peril of death, and how, for his sake, they were going to give up the home where they had passed so many years in peace and happiness. The banker, who, though a little pompous and self-sufficient, was, in truth, a kind-hearted man, listened with deep interest to her tale, and when the poor mother and the affianced bride at length cast themselves at his feet, and implored him with the utmost earnestness to purchase the painting for six thousand francs—the sum demanded for the young man's ransom—he raised them with a smile and said:

"You need not waste so many entreaties on the matter, my good friends. This painting is worth eight thousand francs, and I could not, in consequence, give less for it. You may tell Herbelot to come to my house for that sum as soon as he likes."

The joy of the two poor women on hearing this offer may more readily be conceived than described. All that now remained to be done was to persuade the smith to part with his favorite picture. There was a hard struggle in the poor man's mind; as far as he himself was concerned, he would almost have given up anything else; but when he thought of his wife and children about to be driven from their home, and his captive son, waiting, with an anxious heart, for the sum which was to ransom him from death, he hesitated no longer, but hastened with the painting to the Chateau de Val.

Here a new source of consolation awaited him. M. d'Amivon happened to have a young artist staying in his house, who, seeing the poor man's grief at parting with the cherished portrait, kindly offered to copy it for him during his leisure hours.

That very evening notice was given to the village notary to countermand the sale of the forge, and the six thousand francs, duly confided to the farmers' general, were on their way to Algiers, whilst the remaining two thousand were laid aside for the use of the expected captive.

A few weeks after these occurrences had taken place a joyous and light-hearted soldier was seated in the old family parlor at the forge. The well-known painting no longer adorned its walls, but a happy group, seated around the well-covered table, and listening with delight to the soldier's tales, felt they could have sacrificed much more than this to see their beloved son and brother once again amongst them.

Louise Danche, as you may readily suppose, formed one of the party, now the young soldier, now in the clutches of the long-pledged promise to become one day his bride.

In the midst of all this happiness, however, the thought of their father's fate constantly presented itself to their minds; with an earnest longing to see them again, and tell them how much they owed them.

"Well," exclaimed Antoine Herbelot, a few days before the time appointed for his union with Louise, "I do not see how we could better employ a part of that two thousand francs which remained after my ransom was paid, than by setting out for Paris to see the good brother Lenain, and invite them to the wedding."

The proposition met with universal favor, and the whole family without delay hastened to Paris to search for their early friends.

It was not difficult to discover them, for they were now well known to fame and had been named members of the Royal Academy of Painting; but this made no alteration in their kindly simplicity of heart, and they welcomed the worthy blacksmith and family with open arms.

Their godson soon informed them of the history of their christening gift, and asked them as a crowning favor, to visit once more their quiet village, and grace his approaching marriage with their much desired presence.

The invitation was gladly accepted, and not many days afterwards the whole party returned to the Cambrisis; nor did any long period elapse before a joyous peal of bells announced that the ransomed soldier and Louise Danche were at last united for life.

We need not say that many a grateful look rested upon the two painters during that festive day, and that theirs were not the least happy amongst the many joyous hearts there assembled.

This little history, we would beg to assure our readers, is no untrue tale. It is well known in the Cambrisis, where it is told by many a winter hearth.

The painting of the "Blacksmith and his Family" was purchased from M. d'Amivon by the Prince de Conti, who paid ten thousand francs for it. At length, from hand to hand, it passed into the Royal collection, and we feel assured that should any of our readers hereafter wander through the noble galleries of the Louvre, they will pause to gaze with more than artistic interest on the painting which was once a "Soldier's Ransom."

London, Examiner.

not many days afterwards the whole party returned to the Cambrisis; nor did any long period elapse before a joyous peal of bells announced that the ransomed soldier and Louise Danche were at last united for life.

We need not say that many a grateful look rested upon the two painters during that festive day, and that theirs were not the least happy amongst the many joyous hearts there assembled.

This little history, we would beg to assure our readers, is no untrue tale. It is well known in the Cambrisis, where it is told by many a winter hearth.

The painting of the "Blacksmith and his Family" was purchased from M. d'Amivon by the Prince de Conti, who paid ten thousand francs for it. At length, from hand to hand, it passed into the Royal collection, and we feel assured that should any of our readers hereafter wander through the noble galleries of the Louvre, they will pause to gaze with more than artistic interest on the painting which was once a "Soldier's Ransom."

London, Examiner.

The Masquerade.

In Galignani's Messenger, of the 19 February, we find the following particulars of the manner in which an elderly Frenchman was taken in and sold at a masked ball in Paris. It was his first appearance at one of these places, and from the treatment he received it will probably be the last. "We give the story in full.

M. Lardache, a respectable tradesman, appeared yesterday before the Tribunal of Correctional Police to relate a misadventure which had befallen him at the bal masque, and to complain of the person who had caused it. He had said, arrived at the age of fifty without ever having been at the bal masque, and he determined to see the last which took place at the Opera. To disguise himself, so as not to compromise the gravity of his character, he put on a false nose and a large pair of green spectacles. He was at first bewildered by the noise, and when he had become somewhat accustomed to the scene, wondered greatly at the sight of dancing, which was so different to that which was in fashion in his youthful days. Whilst he was engaged in quiet contemplation, a fine woman dressed as a shepherdess, accosted him. Struck by her magnificent stature, he courteously replied, and they soon got into a very interesting conversation. She at last asked him to have a dance, and he consented. The dance concluded, he gallantly offered an ace or a glass of lemonade; but the lady scornfully replied, "Lemonade! No! Give me a bowl of punch!" They went to the table, and the punch was produced. The lady he observed, took glass after glass with no more such a confusion, and for his part he did not spare the liquor. At last he got in such a good humor that he ventured to give the lady a few gentle caresses, which she permitted with a sort of modest confusion, which was inexpressibly charming.

"Oh!" said he, "my angel, you are exceedingly beautiful!" "Ah, Narcissus!" she answered, for he had told her his Christian name—"I feel for you a strange sympathy; your image is forever engraven here!" and with a languishing look, she placed her hand on her heart. "I ought not," she added, "to make such a confession, but what, Narcissus, can a poor weak woman do, when fascinated by such a man as you?" And, she spoke, she became more languishing than ever, and fell into her admirer's arms. All at once she cried, "You have a diamond ring. Give it to me, Narcissus; I am sure some woman gave it to you, and I should die of jealousy if you were to wear it!" And she, half playfully, half angrily, pulled it from his finger, and placed on her own. In return, however, she cut off a large lock of her hair, and said, "there, Narcissus, take that—and never forget me!" As the ring was worth 1,200 francs, Narcissus, by no means approved of the exchange; but, in spite of his repeated requests, the lady declined to make restoration. Narcissus at length got seriously angry, and the lady deemed it prudent to faint in his arms. The poor man shouted for salts, or vinegar, or hartshorn, but no one had any, and a fireman eventually restored the patient by puffing the smoke of his pipe in her face. In doing this her mask fell off, and the unfortunate Narcissus was astounded to see a big pair of whiskers and a large monocle—the character of a man! Narcissus at once gave the fellow into custody, and it was subsquently ascertained that his name was Lardache, and that he was a well-known chief. Not having anything to say in his defence, he was condemned by the Tribunal to thirteen months' imprisonment.

True Standard of Morality.

A man's moral worth is not to be graduated by his negative virtues—the evil he merely refrains from doing—but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his defeats alone, but also by his victories. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter may have called to him and more principle, or more courage, more before he had been tried, than the former, either from circumstance or his personal constitution, never called to do. It would be as absurd, it would require as great an effort for the cold, phlegmatic, and passionless being to be vehement, wild and headlong, as for the fiery and temperamental man to be quiet and unobtrusive.

Victory is nothing; it depends upon the nature of the conflict, and the size of the army. General Bunker, under bravery, and with a small force, may be shown in one defeat, and in a hundred victories.

Lardache, from Egypt, dated March 18, in the Abnashim, describes, in mournful language, the destruction of ancient temples, and states that little hope exists of preserving even the colossal statue at Memphis, the bust in Egypt.

The ashes of Commodore Paul Jones, which have been preserved in Paris, are now being transmitted on board the frigate St. Lawrence to this country.

A mass of timber, weighing 50 tons, has lately been discovered near Lake Superior.

The Inside of a Palace.

Turin is laid out regularly and geometrically as the city of Philadelphia. It is a place of salubrity, convenience and beauty. It is the capital of the Kingdom of Sardinia, the residence of the King and his court, and contains a population of 120,000 inhabitants. The palace of the King will well repay a visit. Several days might be passed in the examination of its vast apartments. The first saloon into which I entered was the saloon for "halls," it is rich beyond description. The ceiling is so painted as to represent the canopy of night and produces, when properly illuminated, an effect truly remarkable. I was next conducted into a division styled the "alcove," one of the richest apartments probably in Europe. The walls, ceiling and furniture were so rich that had there been a heavy shower of gold from the skies I doubt whether a more gorgeous display could have met the eye. I next surveyed the grand dining saloon, full of statuary and paintings, then entered various suits of apartments, admirably embellished, and was afterwards ushered into the drawingroom of the Queen, the apartment where she passed her hours of leisure, either in sewing, painting or recreation. She appeared to have left it only a few hours ago, as her things were dispersed in most graceful negligence about the room.

I next passed into her toilet cabinet, and then into a little closet where the Queen prayed. This was the most remarkable closet that I ever entered; it was very rich, but withal so modestly decorated with gold and precious things, that any body might pray there without thinking about them. I was next ushered into the chamber where the Queen slept; although I had, in the course of my peregrinations, seen many beautiful apartments for the repose of Queens, yet I must confess that the splendor of the chamber of the Queen of Sardinia materially exceeded every anticipation. It was so grand that I could not help inquiring "whether the Queen did really sleep there every night?" I was answered with a smile, "Yes!" Her bed was covered with the richest damask that I ever saw, the curtains were also damask, and the canopy was crowned with a feathery diadem. Paintings of extraordinary beauty covered the walls, and statuary of inestimable value glistened before the eye.

Gladly would I have lingered in so interesting a place, but was hurried forward into the less splendid apartments of the late sovereign, Charles Albert. I then passed into the hall where the King held conference with his Ministers, and into the throne room. The throne of Sardinia is, only two steps high, and is shaded with a crimson canopy, gemmed with many golden ornaments, and surrounded by a low balustrade of dazzling silver. In one of the apartments I was shown a very neat affair: the interior part resembling that of a carriage. It is so constructed as to ascend and descend at pleasure, and serves to convey the Queen above and below, whenever she wishes to avoid the fatigue of going up and down stairs. The motion of this vehicle is exceedingly pleasant. I never saw such a prodigality of gold as this proud palace labors to reveal. Its saloons, halls and chambers seemed as if the auriferous waves of the gold sea had been beating and frothing through every accessible avenue of the premises; and then the gold appeared so pure and bright, as though the deluge had only happened yesterday.—N. Y. Commercial.

Mr. Scott, of Fauquier county, opposed the proposition with great zeal. His argument, which exposed him to sharp retort, was, that to submit the subject of the basis of representation to a popular vote would inevitably result in the adoption of the white basis, and he wanted it understood, on the part of the East, that the white basis "would not be recognized, now or ever."

The Western men were not slow to seize upon this language, and to charge Mr. Scott and his party with a determination to force upon the people a basis of representation to which they are known to be opposed, and to prevent them from being consulted, because it is known that their decision will be in favor of the Western principle. Mr. Scott did not shrink from the storm he had raised. He did not deny that the popular vote would be in favor of the white basis, as an original proposition, but he insisted that if the mixed basis were agreed upon in the convention it would be ratified by the people. He persisted that the proposition was an act of hostility to the East—an "unsheathed sword;" and he declared emphatically that if this the Western "olive branch," the decision had better be left "to the strong arm—the God of battles."

It must be understood that it was the impression of the convention that an agreement subsists, by which, in the event of the defeat of this proposition of Mr. Summers, enough of the Western members would secede, to break up the convention, and an organization was threatened to raise a party for the division of the State. The defiance of Mr. Scott was met by language as defying on the other side, and a scene of much confusion ensued. The day was spent in this sort of noisy warfare, with interruptions for consultation which resulted in some apologetic explanations between the parties, mollifying, somewhat, the intemperance of their previous conduct. The convention adjourned, however, in very bad temper, leaving the subject of the contention unadjusted, and the prospect of adjustment more remote than ever.

A WORTHY OFFERING.—At the close of Governor Quitman's speech at Jackson on the 14th instant, Judge G. W. L. Smith presented him with a very beautiful box, from Dr. B. E. Johnson of this city. The history of that box is this: The evening before the memorable battle of Yorktown, while Gen. Washington was reclining with his head against an American tulip tree and his feet against a beech tree, some one remarked that the battle that was to ensue would probably decide their fates, should they not prove victorious they would all be burnt. Gen. Washington replied that they might be cut to pieces, their blood and lifeless remains might be left upon the field, but they would never surrender to a British soldier. This was presented to General Quitman was made in Richmond from the wood of those two trees. It was of old Virginia growth, of Virginia manufacture, the tree of which it was once a part had been seen by Washington, and beneath them he had reclined and made an expression worthy of the Father of his Country.—Vicksburg Sentinel.

The great dry dock at Pensacola was launched on the 10th inst., without accident.

Some of the best farmers in Western New York have purchased lands in Virginia, and will soon become cultivators of the soil in that State.

We understand that a paper will soon be established in this city, (says the Washington Union) devoted to Irish interests.

The Welshmen of New York city, and their descendants, have determined to contribute a stone to the National Washington Monument.

The Austrians recently had the census of Croatia, Slavonia, Banat and Transylvania taken, and the returns show that there are twenty-five thousand widows of men killed in the Hungarian war in those provinces.

It appears that the first plank road in Canada was laid down in 1836, and in N. York in 1847, but it is only within the last four years that they have been much prosecuted.

It is estimated that two hundred families, numbering one hundred thousand souls, are now homeless and destitute, from the inundation of the Mississippi river, in the New River country, in the Parishes of Iberville and Ascension, Louisiana.

Forty railroad companies have during the past year, excluded 200 miles of Sunday travel.

It is calculated that at the end of 1851, there will be 10,600 miles of railroad in operation in our country.

A Millcreek Convention is now in session at New York, endeavoring to fix the day again, for the final end of all things.

Lynch Law takes its name from James Lynch, Mayor of Galway, Ireland, who in 1498 performed the operation of hanging his own son, rather than suffer him to escape justice.

The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye states, that more than 100 wagons have crossed the river at that place, during this season, on their way to California and Oregon, the most of them for the latter destination.

Prof. Page's Electro-Magnetic Locomotive has been tried again, with better success than before, having attained a speed of 19 miles an hour.

Capt. R. Cowin, of Plymouth, is making a sounding-line for the United States Government, ten thousand yards long.

A New Man.

German speculators have got hold of a new subject. It is neither more nor less than a "new man." The story, as we find it related in the Correspondenz of Berlin, states that a stranger was picked up at the end of last year in a small village of the district of Lobos, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, whither he had wandered no one could tell whence. The stranger spoke German imperfectly, and had all the marks of a Caucasian origin. On being questioned by the Burgomaster of Frankfort, the stranger said his name was Jophar Vorin, and that he came from a country called Laxaria, situated in the portion of the world called Sakria. He understood, it is affirmed, none of the European languages, (except, we must suppose, the broken German); but reads and writes what he calls the Laxarian and Abrahamic languages. The latter he declares to be the written language of the clerical order in Laxaria, and the other the common language of his people.

He says that his religion is Christian in form and doctrine, and that it is called Ispatian. Laxaria he represents to be many hundred miles from Europe, and separated by vast oceans from it. His purpose in coming to Europe, he alleges, was to seek a long-lost brother, but he suffered shipwreck on the voyage, where, he does not know, nor can he trace his route on shore on any map or globe. He claims for his unknown race a considerable share of geographical knowledge. The five great compartments of the earth he calls Sakria, Adar, Aslar, Auslar and Euphar.

The sages of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, after much examination of the tale and its bearer have come to the conclusion that it is true. Jophar Vorin has been carefully despatched to Berlin, and is now the subject of much scientific and curious gossip in the Prussian capital.

Warm Words in Virginia.

The excitement on the suffrage question ran high in the Virginia Convention on the 8th. Since the voting we have already recorded in which the white basis and the mixed basis were both defeated, sundry propositions for compromise have been brought forward, debated, amended and withdrawn, but no vote has been taken. The parties are too uncertain and too shy to encounter the final ordeal of a division. On Thursday last week the opposing feelings broke out with so much force that the editor of the Enquirer draws from it gloomy presages of "a storm which may endanger the integrity of the glorious Old Commonwealth."

The moving cause was thus: The result of a popular election held in the city of Richmond had instructed Mr. J. M. Botts to vote for the mixed basis, which he had opposed. The closeness of the previous vote on this question made this change important. The vote of Mr. Botts would carry the mixed basis by a majority of one. The Western members, who had resisted the mixed basis with so much violence, became highly alarmed. On the meeting of the convention, on the 8th, Mr. Botts announced this change of position, and it was met by a western proposition, offered by Mr. Summers, to submit the question of the basis to a popular vote.

Mr. Scott, of Fauquier county, opposed the proposition with great zeal. His argument, which exposed him to sharp retort, was, that to submit the subject of the basis of representation to a popular vote would inevitably result in the adoption of the white basis, and he wanted it understood, on the part of the East, that the white basis "would not be recognized, now or ever."

The Western men were not slow to seize upon this language, and to charge Mr. Scott and his party with a determination to force upon the people a basis of representation to which they are known to be opposed, and to prevent them from being consulted, because it is known that their decision will be in favor of the Western principle. Mr. Scott did not shrink from the storm he had raised. He did not deny that the popular vote would be in favor of the white basis, as an original proposition, but he insisted that if the mixed basis were agreed upon in the convention it would be ratified by the people. He persisted that the proposition was an act of hostility to the East—an "unsheathed sword;" and he declared emphatically that if this the Western "olive branch," the decision had better be left "to the strong arm—the God of battles."

It must be understood that it was the impression of the convention that an agreement subsists, by which, in the event of the defeat of this proposition of Mr. Summers, enough of the Western members would secede, to break up the convention, and an organization was threatened to raise a party for the division of the State. The defiance of Mr. Scott was met by language as defying on the other side, and a scene of much confusion ensued. The day was spent in this sort of noisy warfare, with interruptions for consultation which resulted in some apologetic explanations between the parties, mollifying, somewhat, the intemperance of their previous conduct. The convention adjourned, however, in very bad temper, leaving the subject of the contention unadjusted, and the prospect of adjustment more remote than ever.

A WORTHY OFFERING.—At the close of Governor Quitman's speech at Jackson on the 14th instant, Judge G. W. L. Smith presented him with a very beautiful box, from Dr. B. E. Johnson of this city. The history of that box is this: The evening before the memorable battle of Yorktown, while Gen. Washington was reclining with his head against an American tulip tree and his feet against a beech tree, some one remarked that the battle that was to ensue would probably decide their fates, should they not prove victorious they would all be burnt. Gen. Washington replied that they might be cut to pieces, their blood and lifeless remains might be left upon the field, but they would never surrender to a British soldier. This was presented to General Quitman was made in Richmond from the wood of those two trees. It was of old Virginia growth, of Virginia manufacture, the tree of which it was once a part had been seen by Washington, and beneath them he had reclined and made an expression worthy of the Father of his Country.—Vicksburg Sentinel.